

THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.

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TERMS—\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS,

Published every Wednesday.

BY JOHN W. BARNES.

TERMS:—One Dollar Fifty per year.

\$2.00 when left by the Carrier.

Office on Washington street, over Becktel's Market.

Grand Haven, Michigan.

ADVANCED RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square one week.....	\$ 75
One square two weeks.....	1 25
One square three weeks.....	1 75
One square one month.....	2 75
One square two months.....	4 00
One square three months.....	7 00
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Legal advertising at legal rates. When a postscript is added to an advertisement, the whole is charged as for the first insertion.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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Hermanus Doesburg, Clerk and Register of Deeds, Ottawa County, Grand Haven, Mich.

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Peoria Fire and Marine Insurance Co. Wm. N. ANGEL, Agent, Grand Haven, Mich.

S. Munroe, Physician and Surgeon, Office on Washington street, Grand Haven, Mich.

William Wallace, Grocer and Provision Merchant, Washington Street, Grand Haven, Mich.

Miner Hedges, Proprietor of the Victor Mills, Tallmadge, dealer in Merchandise, Groceries and Provisions, Pork, Grain and Fish, Shingles, &c., &c. Lamont, Ottawa County, Michigan.

George E. Hubbard, Dealer in Stores, Hardware, Guns, Iron, Nails, Spikes, Glass, Circular and Cross-cut Saws, Butcher's Files; and Manufacturer of Tin, Copper, and Sheet-Iron Ware. Job work done on short notice. Corner of Washington and First sts., Grand Haven, Mich.

John H. Newcomb, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, etc. State Street, Mill Point, Mich.

Ferry & Son, Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Pickets, Timber &c. Business Office, Water Street, Grand Haven, Mich., and 226, Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

Get a Sewing Machine!

Whoever intends to purchase a good Family Sewing Machine, of any kind, will do well to call at the News Office. We can furnish them at all times upon the most advantageous terms. PROPRIETORS OF THE NEWS.

BENJAMIN L. PIPER,

Manufacturer of

TIN, COPPER, SHEET IRON WARE & STOVE FURNITURE.

TERMS, CASH. Muskegon, July 23, 1862. [n177]

A. L. CHUBB,

Agricultural Warehouse.

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

PLOWS, CULTIVATORS, MOWERS, REAPERS, HORSE POWER THRESHERS.

AND all other kinds of Farming Tools and Machines. Canal st., Grand Rapids, Mich. April 26, 1863. [311 tr]

Frederick Becktel,

WASHINGTON STREET,

Grand Haven, Mich.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FRESH & SALT MEATS,

CONSISTING OF Beef, Pork, Mutton, Hams, Lard, Tallow, &c., &c. Thankful for past favors, we would invite the public to call and examine our Stock of Meats before purchasing elsewhere. We intend to keep a full supply of every article usually kept in a Meat Market.

Cash will be paid for Stock on delivery Grand Haven, Sept. 7, 1859.

THE PEN.

O SILENT solace of my lonely time,
Beloved pen! why so reserved of late?
Hast thou renounced all fellowship with rhyme,
And grown at once both rusty and sedate?
Art thou a-weary with thy journeyings o'er
The paper plain, and wilt thou no more?
Or is thy jetty fluid all expended;
The standish dry?—or hast thou lost the art
Of living well the passions of the heart?
Or art thou, like a touchy thing, offended
Because thou hast so long time been untended?
Do tell what is the matter; let me know
Why it's, my friend, that thou behavest so.
And all thy grievances shall soon be ended,
Stoutly the pen replied: Good master mine!
Thy willing servant 'tis my pride to be;
Why chide me when the blame is only thine?
But seldom lately dost thou fondle me.

TRUSTED AND TRUSTY.

"Over the side, with ye, boy, quick: one minute's delay may cost your life!" exclaimed Mr. Grey to a fellow passenger, a lad of about fourteen, who appeared to hesitate about swinging himself down to a boat which rocked in the waves below the burning ship. The flames were raging round mast and yard, the sails caught fire, blazing and shriveled, thick volumes of smoke hung like a funeral pall over the vessel, and the awful red glare was reflected on the sea which glowed like a fiery furnace. It was no time for delay, indeed, and yet Reginald drew back from the vessel's side. "I had forgotten it!" he exclaimed, and darted towards the cabin.

"Madness—he is lost!" muttered Mr. Grey; "No money was worth such a risk; that young life is thrown away!"

Sailors and passengers with eager haste lowered themselves into the boats but there was not room for all. Some, under the direction of the captain, whose brave spirit only rose with the danger, hastily lashed spars together to form a rude raft for the rest. Mr. Grey labored among these, grasping and almost fainting from the heat which had become well nigh intolerable. Often he glanced anxiously towards the hatchway, with the faint hope of seeing young Reginald emerge from the burning cabin into which he had so daringly ventured.

The raft, the last hope of the crew, is floating on the crimsoned billows; the crowded boat has sheered off. Mr. Grey, half blinded and suffocated by the heat and smoke, springs down upon the raft; he is followed by the captain and all who remain of the passengers and crew, except the poor orphan boy. Just about as they were to push off—"Hold! hold!" cries Mr. Grey, starting up from his place, as a light form, blackened with smoke, and dress singed and burned, appears on the deck; he springs over the bulwarks, misses the raft, and the next moment he is dragged out of the billows to lie gasping and exhausted with his head on the knee of Mr. Grey.

"Thank God, my poor boy, that you are saved!"

"Thank God," faintly murmured Reginald Clare.

A strange appearance was presented by the lad. His hair and eyebrows were singed, marks of burning were on his face and hands, his dress hung in tatters about him, but in his grasp he held a flat parcel wrapped in oil cloth, and a faint smile rose to his lips as he murmured, "I am so glad that I have it all safe!" It was not till the vessel had burned down in the water's edge, and the flames had sunk at last from having nothing further on which to vent their fury, that the captain dared to raise a boat sail which he had the foresight to carry with him. By means of this he succeeded, after long hours of painful anxiety, in reaching after sunrise the coast from which the homeward bound vessel had been not many miles distant when the terrible fire occurred.

When the worst of the peril was over and the raft under a favoring breeze was floating towards the land, Mr. Grey, who felt a strong interest in Reginald Clare, asked the poor lad questions regarding his family and position. He knew already that the boy was the orphan of a missionary who had died at Sierra Leone; he now found that young Reginald was returning to England, to be dependent on an uncle whom he had never seen.

"I am glad that you succeeded in saving something," observed Mr. Grey, who had himself succeeded in saving the principal treasure; "doubtless this parcel, for which you risked your life, contains something of very great value!"

"I do not know what it contains, sir," was Reginald's reply.

"Do not know what it contains!" exclaimed Mr. Grey.

"It is not mine," said the boy in explanation; "it is a parcel entrusted to my care."

"And you really rushed back into the cabin to carry off what was not of the slightest value to you, and perhaps of little to any one else?"

The pale cheek of the boy flushed as if he was almost hurt at the question, and made the simple reply, "I had been trusted—I had promised—what else could I have done?"

The party safely landed in England. As the fire had left poor Reginald penniless, Mr. Grey liberally paid for his passage to London. Reginald arrived that evening at his uncle's home, where he was received first, with amazement at his torn and ragged state, till surprise was turned to pity on the cause of his strange appearance being known.

It soon became clear to the boy that his uncle, Mr. Brown, and his wife were not in easy circumstances, and very likely to feel his maintenance an unwelcome burden. The thin, sharp-featured lady in her gown, and that turned and dyed, looked gravely at the tattered clothes which must at once be replaced by new ones.

"Did you save nothing from the fire?" inquired Mrs. Brown, as on the following morning, as she poured out at the breakfast table some very pale tea.

"Nothing but a parcel which I had in charge for Mr. Bates, of Ecclestone Square—here it is," and Reginald laid on the table the flat parcel which was carefully wrapped in oil cloth. "Could you kindly tell me how to send it?"

There was no difficulty in sending the parcel, as Mr. Bates happened to live near; but Reginald could see that his aunt was provoked at this being the only thing he had rescued out of the flames. Her impatience broke out into open expressions, when, as the old couple and the boy sat together in the evening by the light of a simple dip candle, a note was brought in from Mrs. Bates, thanking Mr. Clare coldly for bringing the parcel of dried fern leaves, but informing him that they had been sadly broken and spoilt on the journey.

Mr. Brown leaned back in his chair and laughed. "Dried fern leaves he chuckled, "and spoiled ones to boot! They've only been pulled out of one fire into another!"

Poor Reginald was mortified and vexed. The burns on his face and hands seemed to pain him more than ever. "And yet," thought he, "I needn't mind; I only did my duty. I had been trusted and I had promised. I could not have broken my word. How could I guess what was in that parcel?"

"Rat-tat!" it was the knock of the evening postman. Another letter for Reginald Clare.

"I hope," said the sharp-featured aunt, "that it may contain something better than the last. Dried fern leaves, forsooth! What rubbish!"

Reginald broke the seal and opened the letter.

His hand almost trembled with excitement as he read it. With a sparkling eye he gave it to his aunt, who looked at it through her old steel spectacles.

"Well, here is something odd," she remarked. "Why, who writes this?—John Grey—I never heard of the name."

"He was my fellow passenger—a merchant, and so kind."

"Kind, I should think so!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, her sharp features relaxing into a smile.

"What does he say, wife?" asked Mr. Brown with impatience.

"Why he offers to take this boy here into business without any premium!" exclaimed his wife, handing over the letter to her husband, "because, as he writes, he knows that the lad is to be trusted. It is the oddest thing I ever heard on. What is Reginald to him that he should take him by the hand—first pay for his journey to London, then offer to treat him as a son?"

"Wife, wife," cried Mr. Brown, laying his finger on the letter, and looking with hearty kindness at the orphan, as he spoke, "you and I made a precious mistake when we fancied that Reginald had carried nothing away from the ship but a trumpery packet of fern-leaves! He carried something away worth more than all the gold and jewelry in the Indies—a character of trustworthiness and truth, character for doing his duty to God and man; and, depend on it," continued the old man, raising his voice, "a boy who has that will never long be in want of a friend."

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

With both of the great political parties of this country, the Monroe Doctrine, so called, is apparently accepted and adopted as an essential part of the platform. Thus it would seem to be settled that all the people take it as a fixed doctrine in American policy, and, in various allusions to the Mexican question, we have treated this as a probable fact, regarding it almost hopeless to divert the people from it. And yet it may be that the words have been a mere sound in political resolutions, and their significance not deeply impressed on the popular mind. It is certainly worth our while to reflect a little on this subject. The old national comity to things European probably leads many to adopt, in a general way, what they call the Monroe Doctrine, and to profess it because it seems to be a sort of anti-European war-cry. It is unquestionably true that thousands who adopt it, or say they adopt it, do not understand anything about it, or know what it means. As generally held and enunciated in our day, the whole principle may be stated in a few words, that the United States will not permit European powers to interfere with the political affairs of any government on this continent. This is none too broad for the commonly received notion of the doctrine. If a more strict definition be asked, it will be found that five men will give five different statements. For, while it is much talked about, it is at best a vague idea in almost every mind. The real question for consideration ought to be whether we shall maintain any such sweeping doctrine as this, and apply it to all cases arising on the continent, or whether we shall do better to avoid such generalizations and apply the proper doctrine to each case as it arises. In other words, we suggest the inquiry whether it would not be wiser for the United States to determine her course in reference to each separate instance of foreign intervention on American soil, than to bind herself by a broad band like this, requiring a certain course in every case.

If the Monroe Doctrine is to be our policy, fixed and invariable, then let us give it a definite shape, and reduce it to a form in which we mean to abide by it. It is unquestionably the fixed determination of our people not to allow a despotism in Mexico, established by French intervention. All parties seem to agree in that. But the Monroe Doctrine, so-called, covers a vastly wider field than Mexico, and pretends to be applicable to the whole continent. When we examine its pretensions, however, we find that there is more sound than meaning in them. England may interfere as much as she pleases in Canada without any opposition on our part. Unless we mistake, England is by far the largest owner of land in North America, and the Monroe Doctrine will not undertake to interfere with that ownership. Nor would it be tho't at all contrary to the doctrine if England should furnish a prince to be the liege lord of Canadians, and establish a monarchy on the north of us. Russia has large possessions in the cold regions of the North-west, but the Monroe Doctrine does not intend to forbid the Czar doing what he pleases there. France, Spain, England, Denmark, all have possessions in the islands of the Gulf and adjacent waters, and the Monroe Doctrine does not pretend to object. Thus we arrive at that small portion of the continent lying between ourselves and the Isthmus, and the Monroe Doctrine seems, after all, to mean only that no foreign power shall interfere in Mexico or Central America. That is the long and short of it, since it certainly does not involve the southern half of the continent, where all Europe may amuse itself by setting up and knocking down crowns without troubling us. Now, it would certainly be not at all strange if European Governments should pay very little attention to a sounding national dogma, which shrinks so essentially as this, when reduced to its simple naked meaning. If good for anything, it ought to be continental in its scope. But why—if we come down to first principles—why has not England, the owner of more land than we, quite as good a right to determine the policy which shall govern North America as we? That is a fair question. Of course, the answer is to be found in the hearty American response, "We won't let her." But is it then a mere question of force?

There is considerable debate about the origin of the doctrine. One ascribes it to Monroe, another to Jefferson, others to still different paternity. One thing is conceded, that it did not originate with Washington, and it seems rather inconsistent with his teachings. The Monroe Doctrine, viewed in whatever light is possible, proves to be a doctrine of intervention, and not of non-intervention. It is the assertion of a right in the United States to intervene in the affairs of foreign nations. Foreign does not mean trans-Atlantic. Who will pretend that the phrases "foreign entanglements" and "foreign alliances" imply trans-Atlantic entanglements and alliances only? The more closely we examine the resulting necessities of such a doctrine, the positions into which it would drive this government if we were to undertake its practical enforcement, the more plainly it appears to be a direct method of involving us in foreign entanglements both *cis* and *trans*-Atlantic, and therefore a direct violation of the principles of Washington. Let us think of all this. We make these suggestions just now with the earnest desire to direct attention to the real subject matter of the Monroe Doctrine, and to induce reflection and examination on the part of those who read. Is it a doctrine which we are willing to risk fighting for? In a war undertaken upon it with any power in Europe, could we justify the war to our own sense of right, or to the judgment of an impartial world? Have we a higher right to fight for our view of that doctrine than England would have to fight for an opposite view? These are questions which press themselves on the attention of the American people. They are not to be lightly treated. It is so easy for a politician to "bring down the house" by a loud enunciation of the idea that "we will never permit the footsteps of foreign tyranny on American soil," that we can hardly expect that the Monroe Doctrine will be left out of party platforms, but it may be shaped sensibly and definitely, if sensible men will think twice before they commit themselves to it. Even though it originated with the father of the Democracy, and has been a peculiar tenet of the Democratic party for nearly half a century, and has now been adopted by the Republican party, so that no body of men are found in opposition to it, it is just possible that it may be too broadly laid down to be consistent with true American principles. It does not necessarily involve the Mexican question at all. We may, in special cases like that in Mexico, have reason to warn European powers that we are the natural protectors of free institutions and the right of self-government in this or any other quarter of the globe. Perhaps we may be destined to take our position as the natural ally of every people who are seeking to be free, wherever they make the attempt. The Monroe Doctrine would seem to limit our mission to this continent, and to a very small portion of it. We do not pretend to say what ought to be our position. Let us at all events avoid falling into the position of being the mere protectors of soil which we think we may one day wish to possess. For if the truth were known it would doubtless appear that many men have advocated the Monroe Doctrine only because they tho't it fitted to keep European hands off from territories which they hoped to see annexed to the United States. If we intend to adopt any national rule of action, let us make it broad and clear, and then rigidly adhere to it. Otherwise, it would be better not to have any rule, but regulate our course independently, as occasion may require and wisdom dictate.—*Journal of Commerce.*

A VALUABLE DOG.—A few evenings since, as a citizen was passing Sixth and Ninth streets, Philadelphia, two men approached him and asked for money, and on being refused they struck him a violent blow, knocking him senseless. A valuable Newfoundland dog, belonging to the gentleman, was on the opposite side of the street, but immediately came over and attacked one of the thieves. When his master became conscious the faithful animal was licking his face, and early the next morning a large piece of flesh and a portion of the pantaloons of the thief were found on the pavement. The bite was a clean one, nearly a full pound of flesh being taken from the rascal.

THE NAVY DEPARTMENT advertises for witnesses to convict Capt. Semmes, just as the War Department advertised for witnesses to convict Witz. If the naval appropriations are large enough, the witnesses will be procured. The trial has been postponed until the evidence can be fixed up.

MEX do not suspect faults which they do not commit.